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## Litchfield Enquirer!

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By HENRY ADAMS.

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## POETRY.

### THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

By Wm. C. Bryant.

Chained in the market-place he stood,  
A man of giant frame,  
Amid the gathering multitude  
That thronged to hear his name.  
All eyes of look and strong of limb,  
His dark eye on the ground—  
And silently he gazed on him,  
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,  
He was a captive now—  
Yet pride that fortune humbles not,  
Was written on his brow.  
The scars his dark broad breast wore,  
Showed warrior, true and brave:  
A prince among his tribe before;  
He could not be a slave.

Then to the conqueror he spoke—  
"My brother is a king!  
Under this neckless from my neck,  
And take this bracelet ring;  
And send me where my brother reigns,  
And I will fill thy hands  
With store of ivory from the plains,  
And gold-dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold  
Will I unbind thy chain;  
That bloody hand shall never hold  
The battle-axe again.  
A price thy nation never gave,  
Shall yet be paid for thee:  
For thou shalt be the Christian slave  
In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade  
To shed his locks away,  
And one by one, each heavy braid  
Before the victor lay.  
Thick were the plaited locks, and long,  
And daily hidden there  
Shone many a wedge of gold among  
Among the dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold  
Long kept for secret need!  
Take it—how sweet some untold  
And say that I am freed.  
Take it—my life the long, long day,  
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,  
And my young children leave their play,  
And look in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made  
Thy fetters fast and strong,  
And when that by the noon shade  
Thy side will wait thee long,  
Strait was the agony that shook  
The captive's frame, to hear—  
And the proud manning of his look  
Was changed to mortal fear."

His heart was broken—crazed his brain—  
At once his eye grew wild—  
He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
Whispered, and wept, and smiled:  
Yet were not long those fated hours,  
And once at last of death,  
They drew him forth upon the sands,  
The foul hyena's prey.

## DEFERRED ITEMS.

The Lion presented to General Jackson by the Emperor of Morocco, has been sold at auction for \$1,350, to William S. Smith; attached to the Land Office—the proceeds to go for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum of Georgetown and Washington.

Charles Palmer, the young man who attempted some time since to take the life of Mrs. Laura Palmer, of Ansonia, the widow of his relative, was tried last week, before the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and sentenced to the State Prison at Sing Sing, for ten years.

Mr. Mangum.—This gentleman has reached North Carolina, and is receiving testimonials of undiminished confidence from his political friends. He was invited to partake of a collation at Halifax, as he passed through, and we learn preparations are making in other places to do him honor.—*Raleigh Reg.*

At the Circuit Court, now in session for this county, a bill of indictment has been found against Richard Lawrence, for an assault against Gen. Jackson, with intent to kill. This day week has been fixed upon as the day for trial of the indictment.—*Nat. Int.*

It has been estimated, says the Baltimore Gazette, that the annual consumption of coffee in the United States is not less than \$9,000,000 pounds. Now, supposing that the average price is 12 1/2 cents per lb. this quantity costs \$10,000,000. As this is a large sum to be paid to foreign countries for a necessary of life, we are pleased to find that there is a prospect of some part of it being paid hereafter to the Florida planters. A recent number of the Florida Herald contains a communication on this subject, but without interest to the country at large. The writer states that he has brought into cultivation a species of coffee, imported from Cuba, and has found upon trial that its quality is superior to that of the green Cuba Coffee.

Two "young bloods"—one from New-York, and the other from Baltimore—met at Bladenburg on Thursday, exchanged shots, made up, and returned home in excellent spirits.

Suicide.—Doctor S. L. Keenan, editor of the Frederick Citizen, shot himself through the head on Thursday, in the room of his boarding house, Baltimore.—He was a gentleman of education; and no cause is assigned for the rash act.

Cleveland, Ohio, on Lake Erie, promises to be a great metropolis on the western waters. In the course of last year, there were built there, 130 new houses. There are 4,200 inhabitants, besides 1000 in Brooklyn, on the opposite bank of the river. During the past year, the entries at this port, in steam boats, schooners and sloops, was 260,000 tonnage. Of the arrivals, 391 were schooners and sloops, and of these last, 129 by the Welland canal, around the Niagara falls. The number of steam boat arrivals was 575.

The Village Herald, printed at Middlebury N. J. says:—We are informed that at the late term of the Middlesex county court, week before the last, the Grand Jury presented a Bill of Indictment, against an individual in the neighborhood, a farmer of some property and general respectability, as one of those who participated in the late robbery of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank at New-Brunswick, N. J. of some six thousand dollars, about the middle of February last. At the time of the finding the bill the prisoner was sitting a juror, in a case of some importance, which had occupied the attention of the Court for the three previous days. His arrest broke up the jury, and the proceedings in the trial will all have to be gone over with. The evidence which led to his arrest and commitment is from one who saw him enter and come out of the Bank the night of the robbery, and we believe was some time since lodged in prison on suspicion of having participated in the transaction. He has not turned State's evidence—the information was voluntary.

Roasted Allice.—We learn from a letter written by a citizen of Newport to his friend in this village, that on Thursday last, Mr. Hiram Barrett was literally broiled to death upon a bed of living coals. He left his family about two o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to the distillery of Fenner & Smith, raked some coals from the arch, and placed himself upon a block of wood before them. At length some persons who slept in the distillery, were awakened by his groans; and on going to the fire, they found the unfortunate man lying upon the coals, with his hands, arms and body actually roasted. He was immediately removed to his family, where he expired in a few hours.

The Sea Serpent!—Capt. Shibles, of the brig Monhegan, of Thomaston, from this port for New-Orleans, which arrived at Gloucester on Saturday night, that when about 9 or 10 miles from Race Point light, he and his whole crew saw the Sea Serpent. He had a distinct view of him with the naked eye, and with a glass could see his eyes, neck and head, which was about as large as a barrel; the neck had something that looked like a mane of it. Several times he put his head seven or eight feet above water, and for thirty or forty minutes he swam backwards and forwards with great swiftness. Capt. S. judged him to be from 200 to 250 feet long, and his motions were like those of a snake, and every time he put his head above water he made a noise like that of steam escaping from the boiler of a steam boat. One of the crew saw in the bay last summer what was said to be the Sea Serpent, which he says exactly resembled this one in appearance and motion.—*Boston Gaz.*

We understand that two men were instantly killed this afternoon near the Tremont Hotel, Roxbury, on the Providence Rail Road—the locomotive and six cars passing over their bodies and literally cutting them in two.—*Bulletin.*

Extra clerk-hire in the first year of the Government, was \$109! In the last year, \$38,355! In the two first years of Mr. Jefferson's Administration, it was \$460! He then appears to have averaged it, doubtless because of its illegality and the abuses to which it was liable. In the remaining six years of his administration, there was nothing paid for extra clerk hire.

It is stated in the Richmond Whig that P. P. Barbour and John M. Patton, have both come out in favor of Judge White, and in opposition to Mr. Van Buren.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives, by a vote of 160 to 120, have passed a bill abolishing the punishment of death, except for the crime of murder.

Astor's celebrated Hotel is rapidly increasing, and will probably be completed in the course of the present year. Mr. Jennings of the City Hotel, it is said, has leased it at the sum of fifty thousand dollars. He has, however, under-let stores in the lower floor to the amount of thirty thousand, so that his rent will be reduced to twenty thousand dollars. He is well adapted to the management of such an establishment, and will no doubt make a profitable and popular affair of it. The Park House will outsize in size at least, the far-famed Tremont of Boston. Even at \$50,000, the proprietor will not receive over three per cent. for the investment. Some of the estates were bought at an immense price. One anecdote touching this fact may be worth relating at some future time. Astor lately gave a thousand dollars to the Temperance Society. It will be recollected that he commenced the accumulation of his great fortune in the fur trade carried on with the Indians. The article which he gave them for their furs I need not mention. He is however deserving of praise for his public spirit.—*Sat. Ev. Post.*

Practical use of scientific lectures.—Three farmers of New Hampshire having attended a course of lectures on geology, were enabled by the information thereby obtained to purchase a tract of land containing the best granite for \$3000. The owner was unacquainted with the fact of his possessing this rich mineral. The farmers have since been offered \$50,000 for the land!

At Circleville, Ohio, during the firing of a salute in honor of a political victory in the result of the borough election, by the untimely explosion of the charge Mr. John Wright was killed. A man, named Hood, was obliged to have his arm amputated, and two others were considerably stunned by the force of the exploded charge.

A respectable gentleman stepped into his garden yesterday morning, and for the purpose of frightening some birds from the trees, hastily discharged a horse-man's pistol among them. The ball with which the pistol was charged, in descending, at the distance of between 350 or 400 yards, passed through the head of a worthy and industrious individual by the name of Alley, at work repairing a house, and caused his immediate death.—*Petersburg, Va. Constellation.*

The editor of the Nashville Banner replies quite recently to the Lexington Observer, for speaking of himself (of the Banner) and the editor of the Nashville Republican as having recently laid aside the Van Buren livery and become Whitemen. "We have neither of us," says the Banner man, "ever been tinged with the dark spot of Van Burenism." It is quite clear, as we said the other day, that there is to be a dreadful butchery in the battle about to ensue between the Vans and the Whites.—*N. Y. Com.*

The following definitions of experimental and natural philosophy were given to us a few days since by a Pearl street merchant:—"Experimental" philosophy, said he, "is to ask a man to discount a note!" Natural philosophy is to refuse it!—*N. Y. Star.*

## THE COBBLER OF BRUSA.\*

In the reign of Bajazet the First, there lived in Brusa, that city being then the capital of the Turkish Empire, a poor cobbler, whose name was Eskigi Meimet Effendi. This worthy artisan inhabited a small house, containing but one apartment, situated at the foot of Mount Olympus. The chestnut and plane trees, with which the sides of that snow-capped mountain are covered, overshadowed his humble dwelling, and offered a cool retreat during the sultry summer days. Numerous streams and mineral springs reflected, in their translucent bosoms, the lofty scenery by which they were surrounded, and gave birth to plants and flowers of brilliant hue and aromatic odor. The shepherd, as if fearful of disturbing the chrysalis surface of these waters, drives his flock to some distant summit, from which he looks down at his ease upon the prospect beneath him; and the birds, whose nests are among the neighboring trees, hardly ruffle the vapor-like currents with the light dip of their wings.

It was in the midst of scenery like this, Eskigi Meimet Effendi had fixed his habitation. The routine of his life was simple and regular. Early in the morning he would go one or two miles into the city and bring home all the old shoes that he could collect from his customers. He would then take his bench, with his awl and lapstone beneath some large tree, and there work merrily at his trade. In this way, he managed daily to earn a few paras, which were barely sufficient to support himself and his family, consisting of a wife and child. But being accustomed during the day to the beautiful sights around Mount Olympus, he could not remain content in his humble domicile at night, without having a great number of lights burning in his presence. Consequently, after purchasing a few of the indispensable necessities of life, he would spend the remainder of his small pittance in oil.

After the prayer of sunset, which the Turks call *azum namus*, the honest cobbler would prepare his illuminations. Then, having taken his supper, he would chat with his wife, smoke his chibouque, and thrum on the guitar, while his child danced to the sound. Sometimes he would sing to the full stretch of his lungs, according to the Turkish fashion. At the *ikht* or fifth prayer, which took place two hours after sunset, he would retire to bed.

In those times, the Turkish Emperors, accompanied by some officer of distinction, were often in the habit of walking in disguise, sometimes by day and sometimes by night, so that seeing with their own eyes, and hearing with their own ears, they might truly know the wants and dispositions of their subjects, and take their measures accordingly. Now it happened that Bajazet the First, in passing the domicile Eskigi Meimet Effendi, had often been amazed with the brilliant illuminations and the very loud songs of the patriotic cobbler. Consequently one evening the Sultan and his Vizier, having assumed the costume of dervishes, stopped before the house, in which many lights seemed to be burning, and knocked at the door. A voice from within asked, "who is there?" The two illustrious personages of the Empire replied that they were dervishes, who in the name of God, desired hospitality. Eskigi Meimet Effendi answered, by telling them to wait a few minutes, till he had found means of concealing his wife, it being, as every one knows, contrary to the custom to expose their wives unless he be a near relation. The poor cobbler having but one room, was puzzled how he should dispose of his better half. But being unwilling to refuse hospitality to his visitors, he thought it best to fix up the counterpane in one corner of the apartment, as a sort of screen, behind which his wife might retire. Having done this in the neatest manner he could, he opened the door to his two guests.

After the *salem alekum*, or usual salute of the Turks, he placed before them a piece of bread and cheese, remnants of his scanty supper, and a bowl of pure water. Then succeeded the nargile or bubblebubble, a pipe of serpentine form and dimensions. The Grand Senior after partaking lightly of the proffered civilities of his host, asked among other inquiries, the nature of his vocation. Eskigi Meimet Effendi replied fully to all questions, adding, that his only pleasure after the labour of the day was to over, was at night to have his house brilliantly illuminated, and to talk, dance, and sing, with his wife and child, thanking the Almighty for all that he had done and was doing, and more particularly for having placed at the head of the Nation so wise and great an Emperor, for whose life, continued the cobbler, "my wife and myself constantly pray, and under whose reign we hope to die."

After some further conversation, Eskigi Meimet Effendi retired into his harem, or more literally speaking, behind the counterpane, and left the sofa for his two guests. Sunrise, after the "sabbath names," or prayer of the morning, the Grand Senior and his Vizier quitted the humble abode where they had passed the night, for the palace. On their way Bajazet conversed upon the subject of their visit, and remarked with how little a man might be happy, alluding

\* Brusa is now a small town near the foot of Mount Olympus, at which the author resided for several years. The tale was derived from one of the Turkish story tellers.

to the example of the cobbler, who with a few paras, hardly sufficient to purchase necessary food, had his illuminations, his music, and dances, and believed himself the very happiest man. "I wish," said the Vizier, "that your highness would issue orders forbidding all cobblers' shops to be open, and all cobblers to mend shoes until further notice, under the penalty of death. By this means we can make the experiment whether the happiness of Eskigi Meimet Effendi depends upon circumstances, or whether he would retain his good spirits under a reverse of fortune." The Grand Senior was pleased with the suggestion, and the talas or public criers were immediately sent through all the streets of the city, to proclaim, that, by order of the sublime Porte, "all cobbler's shops must be closed, and no cobbler must work at his trade until further notice."

Eskigi Meimet Effendi was in the great bazaar of Brusa, collecting old shoes, when he heard this proclamation. Quitting his customers, he returned home hastily to his wife, and told her the order of the day, asking, in a tone of despair, what they were to do at night for their illumination! But the good woman thought it a more proper subject of inquiry what they were to do for bread, and believed that the prospect of starvation was worse than that of being without lights during the evening.

After a brief consultation with his wife, the poor cobbler concluded that the best thing he could do to obtain a little money, would be to take a basket and a spade on his shoulders, and seek employment in removing the dust from the houses and court yards of the rich. In this occupation he succeeded beyond his hopes, making twice as much money as he could by cobbling old shoes; and he returned home with more oil than usual for his illumination, together with a leg of mutton, which had been roasted in a *kerbapis*, or cook-shop. After lighting up his house in quite a brilliant manner, he took supper with his family, and began to sing lustily.

The Grand Seigneur, wishing to see what effect his proclamation would have upon the cobbler, that evening again assumed the disguise of a dervish, and with his Vizier appeared at the door of Eskigi Meimet Effendi, and requested hospitality. As soon as he had taken the same precaution with respect to his wife, that he had deemed necessary the night before, the cobbler admitted his visitors into the house. The usual salutations passed between them, and the host set before them his remaining piece of mutton and bread. On being asked the news of the day, he mentioned the proclamation of the public crier, his own new employment, his increased profits and the splendor of his illumination. The honest cobbler frankly owned that he could not exactly understand the object of the proclamation—perhaps it would soon be known—but he conjectured that his highness, the Emperor, had issued the order for some political end. Much more was said respecting the events of the day, and at a late hour the party separated and retired to rest.

The next morning the Grand Seigneur and his Vizier returned home, somewhat amused with their visit. They immediately caused to be proclaimed throughout the city, "that no person should follow the occupation of a remover of dust, until further notice, under the penalty of death." Eskigi Meimet Effendi, who was at that moment entering the city with his basket and spade, as soon as he heard the criers proclaiming this new decree, ran home very much alarmed, and with tears in his eyes made it known to his wife, exclaiming, "what shall we do now for our illumination?" "Say, rather, what shall we do for our bread," was the reply. At last the poor man bethought himself that he would take a basket and go up to Mount Olympus to gather asparagus. The idea was a good one, for on that day he made four times as much as he used to when working at his trade. He now bought thrice the usual quantity of oil, together with a number of tallow candles for his illumination. He also prepared a bunch of onions, and also a little fresh butter and rice to make a *pilau*. With these he returned home more contented than a king with his sceptre.

He made, that night the most splendid illumination ever exhibited in his house, and not having candlesticks, he placed the candles in a row over the fireplace, or fixed them in the fissures in the walls. He clapped his hands with delight when he had completed these arrangements. He had hardly finished his supper, and commenced his usual singing, when the two dervishes rapped at the door. As it is the custom of the Turks to grant hospitality to strangers for three days, he thought it duty to admit his two importunate visitors once more. Accordingly, having arranged the counterpane so as to form a retreat for his wife, he opened the door and his guests entered. During the conversation which now took place, Eskigi Meimet Effendi related how he had managed, by the assistance of God, to provide for his family a good supper, much of which remained for his friends. But his chief delight was in the magnificent illumination. He thought even the Sultan had never had so many lights burning in his palace: and finally he considered it pretty evident that he was the happiest mortal alive.

The Grand Seigneur was pleased, but at

the same time a little piqued at the cobbler's pertinacious good humor. When arrived at his palace, the next morning, he remarked to his Vizier that some other method must be adopted, in order to effect their object, and that a man who was really determined to work, could always find employment. The Vizier replied, that he had thought of a plan, which was to give the cobbler an office, and having detained him all day in the palace, to send him home at night without any money. The Sultan approved of the plan, and ordered one of his ministers to send for Eskigi Meimet Effendi, and on his arrival to invest him with the office and dignities of high sheriff, or *felat bekti*. Messengers were accordingly despatched to fulfil the imperial command.

On being summoned to attend them at the palace, the astonished cobbler began to shake in his shoes, believing, that he was about to be strangled or drowned in a sack, on some false accusation. He kissed his child, and took leave of his wife, who threw herself in wild dismay upon the sofa. As soon as he arrived at the palace, without waiting to be informed of the cause of his being brought there he threw himself at the feet of the minister, and implored his mercy. But when the terrified suppliant was told that he had been appointed to the office of high sheriff, joy and astonishment took the place of consternation and grief. He was sent to the bath, and habited in a new and costly uniform, and with a Damascus sword.

Having remained in the palace during the day, he rode home in the evening on an Arabian horse, accompanied by a train of attendants. They left him at the door of his house, which he entered alone. He found his wife in the position in which he had seen her last, the poor woman having lost all hopes of again beholding her husband. She started up in amazement, on seeing him stand over her, habited in a rich and beautiful dress. He soon satisfied her curiosity with respect to his visit to the palace, and consoled her for all her apprehensions. But after he had finished the account of his adventures, he began to look melancholy, and said to his wife, "Alas! what shall we do to night for our illumination? I have no money, and we have neither oil nor candles to burn." "Nor bread to eat," added his spouse.

Eskigi Meimet Effendi sat musing for some time upon the knee, he exclaimed, "I HAVE IT!" and leaving the room, he hastened to a neighboring carpenter, to whom he sold the blade of his Damascus sword for a considerable sum of money, on condition that he would make for him a blade of wood, to be fitted to the handle, and delivered early in the morning. The worthy high sheriff now purchased a large quantity of oil and candles, and then turned his attention towards buying a variety of food for supper. Returning home, he made a most brilliant illumination, while his wife performed the office of cook.

In a short time the Sultan and his Vizier in their customary disguise, again knocked at his door. Eskigi Meimet Effendi hesitated for some time about admitting them. He considered that he was now a high officer of the empire, and a man of rank, and ought not to receive persons of low degree into his house. But they renewed their entreaties so pressingly, that he consented to grant them hospitality for the last time. On entering, they expressed their astonishment at his new dress, and asked him how he came by it. His reply was, that the distributor of thrones, and the shadow of God upon earth, his majesty the Sultan, had raised him to the office of high sheriff, and thereupon he described to them his several adventures during the day. He begged them never again to take the liberty of knocking at his door, as he was no longer a cobbler, neither a mover of dust nor a gatherer of asparagus, but an officer of the Empire, and must be treated accordingly. In the midst of his boasting, the Grand Seigneur inquired how he had managed without money to still keep up his illuminations, and the ex-cobbler, notwithstanding his lofty pretensions, and his determination to stand upon his dignity, could not forbear telling how he had contrived to raise money, by selling the blade of his Damascus sword. The Grand Seigneur laughed heartily at this circumstance, and they soon after separated for the night.

The Sultan and his Vizier reached the palace at an early hour the next morning. The MOLLAH, or chief judge, was immediately ordered into the imperial presence, and asked if there were any person to be executed that day. It was ascertained that there was one individual who was awaiting the sentence of death, in consequence of having indulged some strictures on the Government. The Grand Seigneur intimated his will that the new high Sheriff should make his maiden attempt at decapitation, on the head of the prisoner. Preparations for the execution were accordingly made, in a large square near the palace. A vast multitude assembled to witness the spectacle.

There sentence of death was read in the presence of the people, who on tiptoe awaited the result. The high sheriff was ordered to come forward and perform his duty. That respectable officer approached the trembling victim, and ordered him to kneel and lay his head upon the block.